

SHOCHIKU

69
Ogawa

"Sannin Katawa," Three the Deformed" Comedy

Written by the late Kisui Kawatake.

December performance.

Tokyo Theatre.

There was a millionaire named Funaoka in the city of Kyoto. He was a very kind-hearted man and put up at several parts of the city notice-boards which read that he would like to employ especially deformed people in his mansion.

Seeing the placard, first a blind man called on him followed by a dumb man and cripple. After inquiring about causes of their unhappiness, the millionaire employed the three deformed men. After a little while the millionaire placed a key of his sake-distillery in their hands and went out on business. As soon as he was away, they turned out to be false deformed men. Utilizing the key kept in their hands, they lost no time in opening the door of the sake-distillery, and started drinking sake, when the millionaire came back.

Deceived by them, he got very angry and wanted to punish them.
So they began running away as fast as they could.

Shochiken
Tokyo Theatre
December (2-26)

64

Classical dancing Comedy

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THE THREE DEFORMED; or, the Blind,

The Mute, and the Crippled.

A Kyogen Play in

ONE ACT.

Sannin Katawa

Approved
12/14/45

THE THREE DEFECTIVE; On the Blind, the Mute,
and the Crippled. The Scene of the Hall of
the Funaoka Choja.

(One Act.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Funaoka Choja (Millionaire 'Squire of Funaoka) thinks to engage a cripple as his servant and companion in his travel. A counter feited blindman, a deaf and mute, and a crippled fellow came in response to the invitation of the Choja. During the absence of the rich Master the three defective fellows make the liberties with the sake (rice-wind warehouse). As ill-luck would have it, the unexpectedly returns home. A scene of great confusion and embarrassment ensues. The Bacchanalian scheme and design of the three audacious fellows comes to light at last. The curtain falls upon a lovely, merry scene of sprightly dancing.

CHARACTERS.

The Crippled Fellow.	Tarosuke.
The Blindman.	Han-no-Jo.
'Squire Shume Funaoka.	
The Hand-maid.	Matsuo.
Ditto	Kibune.
The Deaf and Mute Woman.	Makino.
Taro Kaja.	

The main stage, with the paper screen covered over with silver foils over which are painted stately, gnarled gigantic pine-trees. On the upper hand, also, a silvery paper screen likewise painted over with the pictures of slim towering bamboos. On the lower hand a hanging screen made of slips of printed cotton cloth, un-which is the box for the tokiwazu musicians, decorated with draperies checkered red and white. The whole is intended to reproduce the scene of the Grat Hall of our Millionaire 'Squire of Funaoka, of ancient Kyoto. The Curtain rises amidst the lively, merry tunes of the Japanese music of samisen.

The 'Squire of Funaoka appears from out the entrance hung with the hanging screen of cotton-slips, attired in the long, ample-folded flowing grousers, with a short sword stuck in the girdle, and standing erect in the middle of the stage,

The Master. I who have thus appeared here am Shume Funaoka, residing in this metropolis of Kyoto. For a certain purpose, I think to engage a number of the crippled and infirm.

(Towards the lower end of the stage)

Hey! Taro Kaja, are you there?

(Within the draperies)

Taro Kaja. Here, Mater.

(From the entrance with the hanging screen of cotton-cloth slips, Taro Kaja dressed in the regular apparel worthy of him, and makes his appearance squats at the feet of his Master)

Before you, Master.

The Master. I say, some moments ago I ordered two women to put up a notice-board. Has my order been already fulfilled?

Taro Kaja. Sure, they have gone to do your bidding. In no time they'll return, I assure you, Master.

Master. Then, I think I'll Wait here.

(Taro Kaja sets on the upper hand a seat for his Master to sit upon. At this instant, the curtain on the low-hand falls, where a band of tokiwazu samisen musicians are ranged and play the samisen music.)

(Here the Song by the band, the accompaniment to the Samisen music)

(Meanwhile, the hand-maids Matsuo and Kibune, attired in their proper dresses and with their done up in a fashion and manner suitable for their position and service, make their appearance, each carrying a parasol of beautiful colors. They prostrate themselves before their Master.

Matsu. & Kib. We've just returned from our errand, Master.

Taro. Yes, Master, the two women, to whom I entrusted the business have both sure returned.

Master. As I've told you, I intend to engage the crippled and infirm. Is the notice-board standing as I put it up?

Matsu. Master, we've walked round and inspected everywhere in the metropolis where the notice-board is put up, and assured ourselves that it is still standing as you've

ordered it to be put up, with the invitation for the crippled and infirm.

Kib. The people of the metropolis are all curious about those notice-board, saying that they are really a curiosity, indeed. The air of the metropolis is now ringing with rumours about them.

Master. Sure, sure, I'm very glad to hear your story. Soon will the crippled and infirm come in answer to our invitation inscribed on those notice-boards.

(Song and samisen music)

(Meantime, the blindman Han-no-Jo, dressed in the dress proper to him, appears at the further end of the stage, leaning upon his bamboo cane, gradually proceeding towards the middle of the stage)

Blind. I say, please!

Master. Someone calls.

Taro. Yes, Sir. Who calls there?

Blind. I'm come, Sir, in response to the invitation inscribed on your notice-board put up, and I'm one of the fellows you are seeking, a blindman. Sir. Please convey my wish to your revered Master.

(The blindman is taken before the Master)

Taro. Have you heard that the blindman you are desirous of engaging has come in response, Sir.

Master. That's good, I'm very glad to have him come.

Taro. Hey, man!

(Coming down to the lower end of the stage)

Go over there, man.

Blind. Thanks very much, Sir.

(The hand-maid takes the blindman's hand and conducts him to the proper place before the Master)

Master. You the blindman, have you come to see me about the invitation inscribed on the notice-board put up, eh?

Blind. Sure, Sir; do take me into your service, Sir.

Master. That's what I greatly desire, and there's no objection on my part. But I wish to know if you're sightless from your birth or whether you lost your eyesight in your middle age?

Blind. Ay, Master, I lost my eye-sight

(Song. The blindman makes suitable gestures to make the Master understand the cause of his having become blind)

Taking a lesson from this mighty misfortune and deeply repenting of my misconduct, I'm now another man, Sir.

(Song)

(Meanwhile, the mute woman appears from out the further end of the stage, dressed in the fitting manner, also furnished with the necessary appurtenances, with a small black-lacquered wooden board hanging upon her breast boldly inscribed with the character "Mute". She slowly proceeds towards the middle of the stage, performing on the way proper gestures worthy of her.)

Coming in front of the Master, the Millionaire 'Squire of Kikane,)

Master. Who are you, eh?

Mute. Wa! (Pointing to the tiny black-lacquered tablet upon her breast as if intimate that she cannot speak. The hand-maid Kibube coming hither,)

Kibu. Sir, the mute woman has come and is waiting, Sir.

Master. Perhaps, she has, too, come in response to the invitation of the notice-board put up. Take her here.

Kibu. Sure, Sir, yes. (Going round to the lower end of the stage, comes to the front of the Master, conduct the mute woman. The mute appear to try to intimate, by means of gestures, that she has come by seeing the notice-board and is wishful to be taken into the Master's service, making repeated bows in profusion)

Master. I take pity on you for being mute. Be at ease at heart, as I'll sure engage and take you in. I say, Kibube, ask the mute here about her past history.

Kibu. Yes, Master, I'll. (Writing the characters on the floor with the finger-tip)

What's your antecedent, my woman?

Mute. Ha-a-a! (Falls forwards in tears)

(Song)

Wa-a-a! (Weeping) Master writing the characters on the floor with the folding-fan)

Master. Sure enough, you really deserve my whole pity and sympathy. So, repent of your past misdemeanor and remain in my service till the end of your long life.

Mute. Wa-a-a!

(Gestures that she cannot speak and is speechless)

(Song)

(Meantime, from out the further end of the stage Taro Suke the crippled makes his appearance, dressed suitably, in the half-trousers and wearing a shabby girdle, with a wooden clog in each hand, crawling along, altogether presenting the appearance of a crippled man. Evidently aware that here is his destination and being ~~right~~ glad of it, he makes haste to go, but every time he right up he falls down upon his hips, till he is overwhelmed by his helplessness and in bitter tears of regret. Coming on to the stage.)

Crip. I say, please.

Master. HO! Here comes, it seems the crippled, too.

(The hand-maid Matsuo hurries to the lower end of the stage, but seeing the crippled man she bursts out into a suppressed laughter. Coming hither,)

Matsu. This time, my Master, Mr. Crippled has arrived.

Master. Any fellow will do, if only he is defective and infirm.

Go and call ~~that~~ fellow here.

(Matsuo going to the lower end,)

Matsu. Say, come this way, man.

Crip. Thanks very much. I'm very glad, Ma'm.

(He crawls along, and coming to the proper point, stopping, makes suitable salutation)

I'm the crippled man who is come on the business connected with the inscription appearing on the notice-board you've posted. Nothing, Sir, will be more happy and lucky for me than to be adopted and taken into your honorable service. Master. Sure enough, I'll not fail to take you up and put you into the ranks of my numerous servants and employes. And wish to know whether you're crippled from your birth, or if you became crippled in your middle age?

Crip: Master, to tell you the details about it will be to shed many a bitter tear in recollection.

(Song)

(Curious and laugh-provoking gestures, in the meantime)
Really, Master, Heaven's punishment is infallible and truly terrible. I'm now entirely penitent, being full of regret.

(Song)

Master. Well, well, you're really a very, very unfortunate man. Now you are repentant of your past conduct, I see that you're surely quite good at heart. Be at ease at heart, as I'll take up into my army of servants.

Crip. I'm really and sincerely glad of it, Master. I'm so full of gratitude for it, Sir. Please continue to be thus kind, generous, and sympathetic to me for long.

Master. Since I've decided to engage you, I've some command to make to you. It's this. Hear you well. I'm going to make a journey to the foot of "Western Hill" for four or five days. During my absence, there'll remain no persons other than you servants.

Moreover, both of the two are incorrigible sufferers from the incurable malady of stubborn forgetfulness, forgetting anything they hear and everything they see. They can never be relied upon. So, I must put you over them both as a watch and overseer. I first ask the blindman whom I engaged first of all how you will intend to perform the duty I assign satisfactorily.

Blind. Well, Master, as you see, I'm stone blind and can never-see anything, even the sun shining in the heavens. But I'm proud that both my ears are all right, ray, more than perfectly excellent, so that I can never fail to hear the sound of the ants' crawlings. So, if robbers should break into the house in your honorable absence, please be sure that I'll never fail to give alarms and bring the neighboring people to our defence against the wicked intruders.

Master. Well, well. That's good. And what will you do, my mute woman?

(Thus accosted, the mute woman remains speechless and silent)

Well, I see she does not say anything, because she is mute.

(Master lets her see, by means of clever gestures, robbers have broken into the ware-houses containing valuable things, and asks her what she will do then with the depredators. Thereupon, the mute woman suddenly leaps up and, snatching away the guiding cane from off the hand of the blindman, flourishes it high over

her head as if she would signify her intention of defending and guarding the store-houses again the burglars with a long sword)

Well, you seem to be well posted in the art of spear using. Say, my crippled man, tell me what's your attain and what is the kind of weapon in which you are particularly skillful?

Crip. Saving your honorable presence, I'm, Sir, if you excuse my seemingly vainglorious words, a very skillful archer and am up to any strong, powerful bow and stout, long shafts. So, if there should come, during your absence, any number of burglarious outlaws intruding into my Master's mansion, I'll be ready and prepared to stand before them in defence and be well able put them to flight with my favorite weapon.

Master. Well, you're a great proficient in the use of the bow and arrows, as you say, you must sure be so. I see a man could well do so, even if he is crippled, because the use of the bow and arrows doesn't require the exercise of the feet or legs. Well, well.

(Taking from the girdle the key attached to a small wooden tag.)

Then, I'll give to my blindman this key in custody, which is the key to the warehouse of treasures, till I return home again. Do you hear, all of you, eh?

Blind. Well, I hear, Master.

Master. And to the Mute I'll give the key to the sake store-house in custody. Oh, I've made a absurd mistake,

you are the Mute, ain't you?

(He makes gestures to let him understand that he gives him the key to the warehouse for storing sake, and caution him to be very, very careful about its safety during his absence)

Mute. Wa-a-a! (Thus nodding with an unhaman ejaculation, the Mute receives the key held out to him)

Master. Next, is that you, my crippled? To you I'll give in custody the key to the store-house for money. Here it is, man.

Crip, Well, Sir.

(Each of the defective receives the respective key with proper etiquette, and carefully put it away in the inside of his bosom)

Master. Thus, I've given you duly in custody the keys to my several warehouses. But there's yet something which I should like to etch on your minds.

(Song)

Don't never forget to be unfailingly and incessantly careful about the security of the store-houses. Never be lax in the discharge of your duty, nor be remiss in performing my injunction.

Blind. Please never bother your mind about the state of things at home in your absence on the journey.

Crip. Be quick in your return home, my revered Master.

Master. Well, well.

(Song)

(Meantime, the Blind goes far up to the upper part, the Crippled to the middle, and the Mute far down to the lowest end. All three purposely assuming an air of perfect coolness and innocence, but, in reality, being inwardly attentive to the circumstances surrounding them)

Blind. I say, I feel the lids of my eyes are become very wearied and tired now. I think I'll give them some rest and comfort by wide opening them, now the trouble has gone.

(So saying, the Blind instantly wide opens both the eyes; and sees round the audience)

I feel now quite relieved and comfortable, indeed. How pleasant and light-minded I feel. I've never before experienced such a pleasant feeling to see clearly the faces of you all, who have been pleased to come to-day to witness our humble performance.

Mute. I feel my throat so clear and light and relieved, all rubbish and refuses being clean swept away from off the whole way of the gullet.

(Gestures as if licking around the mouth with the long, flexible tongue)

Crip. How aching and benumbed I've felt in my feet! Now, I can stretch them away as long and as freely as I can wish. Ah, how pleasant I feel; I feel as if I were sojourning amidst the amenities and blisses of Paradise.

(The three defective, disabled persons look at each other significantly)

Blind. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! (All three burst out into side-shaking great laughter)

Crip. What! Is that you, Han no-jodono and Makino-dono?

Blind.& Mute. Is that you, Taro-suke-dono?

Mute. Ha, ha, ha! My mind has been set at rest by this.

(Song)

(The Three gathered together in a circle in the middle of the stage, while a lively, merry tune of the samisen orchestra is playing)

Blind. How is it, Mr. Taro-suke, that you have come to be engaged by the Master of this house?

Crip. As you are well aware, I've been continually frowned upon by Fate. Happening to see that there notice-board, you know, I hit upon the capital idea, that is, feigning a physical defect and disability in the feet, I thought to feed myself on other men's charity and pity. I came here crawling along on allfours. And you?

Blind. I, too, am not behind you in the matter of cunning devices and clever plots. I thought to live the life through without working and laboring, but always and continually enjoying sweet slumbers till the end of my days. So, I pretended to be stone blind to plam myself upon the silly Master.

Mute. As for myself, I've been so long a incorrigible chatter box, so that I'm now absolutely tired with prattling, babbling and tattling, chattering. Therefore, I have come in the guise of the Mute.

Crip. At least four or five days, as I hear, the confounded Master will not return home and be absent. This is a veritably rare and precious opportunity which will hardly repeat itself so soon. While the Devil's away, let's enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content. What will you say to my proposal, eh?

Blind. That's it, indeed. In fact, good luck and good thing will never come single. As good luck would have it, all the servants in the employ of this House are afflicted with the cursed, no, blessed malady of incurable Forgetfulness. Whatever they may do, see, or hear, they are to forget them on the spot, never retain them in their mind for an inch of time. Indeed, we may be at ease on this point, too.

Blind. Therefore, I'll take out from the inner store-house plenty of treasures.....

Mute. I from the treasury of the Bacchanalian juice, which I am commanded to take care of.

Crip. I, too, will take out plenty of money from out the store-house of money.

Blind. After regaling ourselves with some cups of the soul-consuming elixir of rice.....

Mute. With the treasures

All Three. We'll sally out for the day's outing for recreation.

(One man nods meaningly, two men, and three men all turn their steps towards the respective ware-house) Godsend, indeed! Good chance, rare opportunity, sure! (The Three enter the entrance hung with the hanging of cotton cloth slips, with shuffling steps, in the lower end of the stage. At that instant, the great silver foiled paper screen standing in the rear of the stage is flung wide open to right and left. Then, the nagauta musicians are seen sitting ranged still further behind. A dialogue now commences.)

(Song)

(Meantime, over the stage bridge, there comes the Blind with branches of coral, placed on a tray, the Cripple carrying heavily a brocade bag set upon a tray, too, and, as the last, the Mute drawing along, by means of a stout thick cord, a tray put upon a cart, with a big jug full of delicious wine rice. Each of the Three sets down his own precious trophy on the appointed spot. From out the upper screen, the hand maid Matsuo comes forth with a sambo tray holding with both her hands, on which is seen a big great wooden cup for carousal, covered with a piece of silk decorated with pink-colored tassels, followed by Kibune who holds a long-handled ladle for pouring out the sake wine and places it on the appointed spot.)

Crip. So, now our place of banquet has been prepared, and therefore

.....

Blind. We do wish really for some dainty for adding relish to the cups we 're going to enjoy.

Mute. To enhance the pleasures of our carousal, you will please perform some delightful dance for our sake.

Hand-maid. All right, Sir.

(Matsuo and Kibune step forward with a folding fan.)

(Song)

(The two hand-maids perform a graceful dance, skillfully using the fans to accompany the charming movements of the dance, and then they stop short, appearing as if they had forgotten something.)

Blind. The rest of the Song have I clean forgotten, because of my malignant malady of Forgetfulness. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
(He taps himself on the shoulder, and appears as if he had recollected the forgotten part of the Song)

(Song)

All Three. Yan-ya, yan-ya, yan-ya!

Matsu. Excuse us. We'll retire to the next room and take rest.

Kibu. We'll take rest for some moment.

(Song)

(All Three, in the meanwhile, behave themselves suitably to the occasion. The Cripple, the Blind, and the Mute freely help themselves to the contents of the wine jug, as the result of which they get at last apparently tipsy and drunken).

Blind. How pleasant, merry, and buoyant-hearted I feel! And how delicious and savory is the sake we are drinking!

Crip. Naturally, naturally! It's the genuine product of world-famous Nada, the place which is known even in the four corners of the wide world as a producer of the pure rice wine of unsurpassed flavor and taste.

Mute. How silly and foolish I have been not to know that such noble, generous sake is kept stored in the ware-house whose key the Master has given me to keep and guard carefully.

Crip. Now, I've come to feel buoyant and cheerful at heart.
(Crip. Clapping his hands right lustily)

(Song)

(Under the irresistible influence of the sake, Crip. tries to get upon his feet, with the tray of coral branches, but being unsteady and unbalanced, he falls down again on his buttocks. It is out of the question for the crippled to stand up erect and dance. So, the Crip. begins to dance on all fours. The Mute is inevitably infected by the Crip.'s cheerfulness and buoyancy, and

(Song)

(Holding the bag full of treasures in the hands and handling it as if it were a tsuzumi, while the Blindman uses his blindman's staff in the manner of an Alpen stock, the two step forth,

(Song)

(The Crip. feebly struggling on his feet)

(Song)

(The Three alone remain on the stage, and they make the gesture of baiting foxes)

(Song)

Crip. Ah, how ineffably pleasant and happy I feel at heart!

Blind. I've now got dead drunken.

(All three fall down on the ground and soon fall asleep.

Just then there appears at the lower end of the stage the Master)

Master. How strange and queer! On my way here, I've gone round inspecting the state of the doors of all store-houses, which, however, I've found all unlocked and unfastened. How old and curious!

(He pricks up his ears and tries to listen for some thing, being all attention)

What's all this! The fellows have dragged out of the store housejugs of sake wine, and now they are dead intoxicated with it, forgetting everything and oblivious to all things about them. Well, well. I'll try and impart them a sound lesson and make an example of them by way of warning against the future.

(Snatching up a stick near at hand, the Master deals You bold, audacious thieves!

(Under the shower of smarting blows with the stick, the three disabled, infirm folks Awaken, and seeing the Master standing before them, they started up, being overwhelmed by perplexity and confusion. So bewildered and embarrassed were they, indeed, that each of them entirely

has forgotten his own role to play, so that the Blindman has mistaken for his own the part of the Mute, while the Cripple has erroneously assumed the role of the Blindman, and the Mute has become the Crippled. All this is the result of the extreme confusion and bewilderment that has been produced by the unexpected apparition of their Master on the scene.)

Mute. So you have returned home, have you master?

(The Mute crawls round and round on all fours.

Becoming aware of his original part to play, ~~he~~ shuts his eyes in sudden confusion)

Master. You rare mighty groat thieves! Stop, thieves! Stop!

All Three. How's this? How's this?

Master. Stop, thieves! Stop!

(Song)

(The Three instantly take to heels. But being handicapped by the things wrapped up and fastened with a cord, they can not easily effect their flight. The Master obstinately continues their chase. Lively and cheerful ~~and~~ strains of music and the pertinacious pursuit and flight make a capital scene on the stage. The curtain falls slowly upon this scene.)

(The end)